EVERY OTHER SUNDAY

CORTHELL SC.

A PAPER FOR THE SUNDAY SCHOOL AND THE HOME.

VOL. III.—No. XXII. BOSTON, JULY 8, 1888. { Entered as second-class mail matter.

QUEEN BRIDGET.

JOHN'S GRANDMOTHER.

BY ABBIE M. GANNETT.

(Continued from No. XXI.)

THE unusual exertion involved in her visit to John was a severe tax upon Grandmother Brown. She was so weak for some time afterward that she had often to keep her bed. But she refused to have any help. So, unknown to her, a letter was sent to John, urging him to come and cheer her up, as she seemed to be failing so fast. But nothing came of it.

The summer passed. In the autumn Grandmother Brown improved and became able to go out of doors. She consented to try to find some young girl who would make the coming winter pleasant to her. But when one has had a happy-faced boy with hearty voice and ringing step for company, it is hard to submit to the presence of hired help instead! Grandmother Brown was not easily suited.

Now a rumor reached Rockpool that John was to marry the daughter of the principal member of his firm, Mr. Mitchell. What a clash of tongues there was over it! It was said that Miss May Mitchell was a beauty, and inherited through her mother an independent fortune. Was he not in luck? People flocked to Grandmother Brown's to hear all about it. But she knew no more than they. Indeed, John had been so busy that he had not written her for months. So, all she ever knew about the marriage was what she read in the paper about a brilliant wedding, bridal presents, a handsome house on Grandview Avenue, and a trip to Washington and the South. Of course Grandmother Brown could not expect to hear from John soon after this.

As the months passed, however, she gained courage, and wrote to him. At last a letter came, only a few brief lines, telling of his beautiful home, his charming wife, and his continued success in business; nothing more. Still other months passed. Now another rumor in the little village bore to her ears the news that John was the father of an infant son.

Oh, how Grandmother Brown cried and laughed, and laughed and cried! Could she only see that baby! She wrote to ask John about it, wrote several letters; but how can a young husband and father take time to answer so many questions? John could not, at least did not, being engrossed more than ever in his business. Patient Grandmother Brown tried to make it up by imagining the baby. Do what she could, it always resolved itself into a picture of the tumbled hair and laughing eyes of *her* John. If she could only kiss its dimpled cheeks, cuddle into her withered hands its tiny ones, or, better, clasp to her aching heart all its baby preciousness!

At first she thought of sending John's little dresses to it, particularly that white one, with a handful of dried violets among the folds; but she remembered the luxury by which the new baby was surrounded. So her dear heart ached all the sorer, as she refrained from sending gifts.

I think Grandmother Brown would have died if she had not decided to go and see that baby. Her plan was this, — to go to John's residence and ask for the nurse, who of course must be a comfortable, kind-hearted creature, and tell her that she was related to the little new-comer, and ask to see it, but without giving her name.

It rather troubled Grandmother Brown on her way to Boston, as she thought of the manner in which she proposed to gain access to John's house. But had there not been, among the many rumors circulating in Rockpool, that impressive one that in Boston there were really only the smallest number of "first families," and that it was into one of them her John had married? Also, that having been indifferent to his grandmother since he left her, he would be likely to quite ignore her now, with so high a position having come to him? To be sure, no one had said these things directly, but Grandmother Brown was not stupid, although she had grown so old, and hints and suggestions had their effect upon her sensitive mind. "Exclusive" is not a common term in places like Rockpool, but in Grandmother Brown's mind it was invested with more than its actual dignity. Not for the world would she see the beautiful young wife, nor John himself, now. She would simply ask that good nurse to let an old woman see the baby; then, happy, she would return to her home.

In a fluttering state, consequently, Grandmother Brown reached the city, and presented herself at the door of the tall house on Grandview Avenue. It was a long time before her timorous summons was answered. A frigid-looking servant, looking more frigid because of her stiff-starched apron and stiff-starched collar, asked what was wanted.

"I came to call on the nurse," replied faint-hearted Grandmother Brown.

"What name?"

Alas! she had not thought of that. But she murmured in a low voice, "Mrs. Smith."

The servant looked at her as if she would annihilate her. "Walk into the reception room, Mrs. Smith!"

Grandmother Brown was in a state of anxious suspense as she waited while the servant went to announce "Mrs. Smith" to the nurse. When she heard steps, she rallied and sat up straighter. The nurse, kind heart, would surely be a relief. But, ah! if the servant had chilled her, how did she feel in presence of this prim young woman, with apron even more stiffly starched and looking as if it never held a baby, while her cap was the very acme of a nurse's immaculate ones. Then her air, as she said, "*I* do not know a Mrs. Smith!"

Grandmother Brown's feeble attempt to speak resulted in a singular sound like a sob, and the fact that it had so resulted made her more of a trial to herself than ever.

But here something happened A young and sweet-looking lady in a blue morning robe took a step into the room.

"Excuse me, Rollins," said she, "I did not know you had a caller."

As the sweet-looking lady was about to retire, something in Grandmother Brown's face arrested and held her. Then she drew nearer, and Grandmother Brown was sure she had never met such a glance before. From being tender and sympathizing, it grew into so piercing a one that she was fain to drop her eyes as if they had been blinded by two keen stars.

"She has made a mistake," said Rollins loftily. "I will tell Margaret to show her out."

"Stop!" said the beautiful young lady, "I will speak with her a moment.

Rollins tossed her cap, straightened her prim waist, and departed, not without casting a further cutting look at Grandmother Brown, which seemed to emphasize her statement, "*I* do not know a Mrs. Smith!"

"What do you wish?" said the young lady.

Now that Grandmother Brown dared look at her again, she noticed that there was a pained expression about her mouth. She no longer regarded her with scrutiny, but seemed earnest to know her errand and have it answered.

"If they would be so kind," said Grandmother Brown in a quivering voice, "I should like to see a little baby lately born in this house. I — it — there was a baby once, many years ago; perhaps this looks like it. Yet I would n't trouble — oh, not for the world!"

She could not make up her mind about the young lady who looked for a moment so strange, and then smiled so sweetly. It could *not* be John's wife. *Her* look would be distant and repelling, to resent any such intrusion into the house of one of the "first families." Perhaps it was a relative, or the house-keeper; only she seemed so young.

"Certainly you can see the baby," she replied. "Come!"

She led her up the grand stairs. Whether it was their way of sinking beneath her feet, or her own weakness, but when the large and elegant apartment was reached where stood the baby's crib, with nurse beside it, Grandmother Brown was sure she was going to faint.

"The cologne, Rollins!" whispered the young lady, who seemed to see everything.

Grandmother Brown recovered, and Rollins was bidden to retire. The lady beckoned her to the side of the crib. There, sleeping in its nest of fragrance and lace, lay the dimpled cherub, the sight of whom made Grandmother Brown's heart throb so that the tears were forced to her cheeks, and she wept softly.

"Kiss him!" murmured the lady.

The withered lips touched the blooming cheek with a soft and tender kiss, and Grandmother Brown's heart was at rest, and happy. She turned to go.

"Stay!" said the young lady, "I would like you to; so would Mr. Brown!"

"Oh, no!" cried Grandmother Brown hurrying to the door. In that wonderful moment she knew that this was surely John's wife. What could it mean? Oh, may be mother-love had warmed for a time that proud nature. But she could not think of remaining, — no, not a moment!

Young Mrs. Brown looked most regretfully as her hasty thanks were given, and she passed out of the grand house. Had Grandmother Brown been able to look back at the sweet face bending over the baby's crib, she would have wondered more than ever. It showed a struggle going on in the wife's heart, and suggested a nature quite different from the haughty one supposed to belong to John's wife.

It turned out that Grandmother Brown had done a rash thing in making this exciting trip. Two days after she was in the anxious care of a physician, and four days after a friendly hand wrote to John Brown that if he ever wished to see his Grandmother again, he would do well to come to her now.

Young Mrs. Brown accidentally found this note twenty-four hours after John had received it. A look of deep pain settled upon her face. She went to her desk and wrote a brief note, which she placed in her husband's private drawer; then she called Rollins.

"Pack up clothes enough to do for baby and myself for a few days; then send for the carriage."

Rollins stared. "Am I to go, Mrs. Brown?"

"No!"

An hour after, with her dear baby in her arms, young Mrs. Brown was travelling to Rockpool. On arriving there she found the cottage without trouble.

Oh, how the villagers talked when they heard that John's wife had come instead of John! Grandmother Brown was too ill for them to call and learn what it all meant. The physician had forbidden all visitors, although permitting young Mrs. Brown to be installed as nurse.

When John came to his empty home and found his wife's note, he was extremely puzzled. He reproached himself for not having gone to Rockpool to learn if his Grandmother were really so ill. But truly he had forgotten it! It would not be agreeable to go now; he would wait till his wife came back. That would be best.

The fact was, John had never told his wife anything in especial about his Grandmother. He had represented to her, what he had really supposed to be the fact, that she had brought him up from a sense of duty, had started him in life as best she could, and now was serenely passing her old age in little Rockpool, satisfied that he was making his mark in the world. When his wife suggested that they should go to see her, or ask her to come to see them, he said indifferently, "Oh, that is of no consequence."

After the call of Grandmother Brown to see the baby, young Mrs. Brown was troubled. But she found it hard to speak to John about the dear old lady whom she recognized at once from John's resemblance to her, and who, she saw, was hungering and thristing for love. But when she found the neglected note, her spirit rose up indignantly. Probably it was the sternness of her own words to him that kept the young husband from going at once to Rockpool. He was a little afraid to see her.

Mrs. Brown's absence began to wear upon John. He now realized how strong was his love for her, and for the little child at whose empty crib he could scarcely look. The first night he slept as usual, for he thought she would soon be back; but when the third night came, he could scarcely sleep at all. No letter came, and that tried him most. He was just a little vexed at her precipitancy, but her silence destroyed that feeling, and now he was all anxiety. Might she be so offended that she would not feel the same toward him? This brought the first torture John had ever experienced. Gradually there dawned upon his mind what his old, kind, uncomplaining Grandmother had endured through his long neglect of her.

"Indeed!" cried John Brown as he looked into the mirror one morning and hardly recognized in the troubled face before him his own sunny countenance, — "indeed, this can't go on! I'll go to Rockpool next train."

In a few hours John was standing by the cottage not seen for so many years. The bluebirds were trilling in the orchard; he smelled the violets and odor of dying meadow-grass. A great rush of feeling well-nigh over-powered him with that memory of devoted care given him by his grandmother, — with what return from him! It is really true that he was thinking more of that aged life now nearly spent than longing to clasp his wife and child, as he noiselessly opened the cottage door.

John came into the sitting-room, which looked just as it did when he was a boy, only so small and low-ceiled now, and he stood hesitating, wondering how to proceed. Just then he heard the baby's cooing ripple, and was drawn toward the door of his own room. What a sight met his eyes! Grandmother Brown, half propped up by pillows, and the baby nestling in her arms. Oh, how worn, yet how happy, she looked! But what moved him most was his wife. She was bending over both with such a look of love and protection on her face, it brought the tears to John's eyes.

"Grandmother!" she was saying softly, "dear, dear Grandmother, this is to be so always, do you not know it?"

"Thank God!" feebly responded Grandmother Brown.

John rushed in. He encircled the three in his strong arms, and the love grouped there met its counterpart in his own breast.

"Forgive me, Grandmother! Forgive me, my May, oh, forgive me! I will be the truest man that ever lived after this!"

Oh, what rejoicings there were! What days of happiness followed for Grandmother Brown! How John hovered near her, never tired of renewing his words of love and gratitude! Then the returning strength and the weeks of perfect comfort shared with them in the cottage, or out in the flowery fields!

Later came the proud conveyance of Grandmother Brown to Boston, where she was installed in the great house on Grandview Avenue, to be, as long as she lived, beloved, honored, blessed, beyond anything that may be described.

Bless us! even the stiff-starched servants and nurse were obsequious now to Grandmother Brown; for they realized that it was she who reigned in the house, though they might never know by right of what patience and enduring love.

History and Biography.

BERNARD PALISSY.

BY CHARITY DYE.

"I HAVE had no other book than the earth and the sky, known to all," — these words were burned in upon a piece of his pottery by the patient Palissy. Very significant words they are; they serve as an index to his life, and fill up a gap where so little is known and so much of incident is wanting. We may well believe that the sky gave color to his thought as he worked in the clay, and that as he looked far into the overarching blue a deeper sense of the mysteries of life came upon him.

Palissy's eyes first opened upon the pages of this great book, — the "earth and the sky," — in 1510. His birthplace was near Agen, in the southern part of France. The world into which he was born must have had a very friendly look to the little Bernard, for he soon grew to be such a close observer of the minutest things, and to see so truly, that at the age of eighty the clear head and the keen eye were still his. Seeing the outward world of things so truly, enabled him to see the inward world of truth more truly. His death in the Bastille proves that he did see this inner world of truth, and was willing to suffer for it.

Bernard's father was a tile-maker, and Bernard himself was apprenticed to a glass stainer and maker. The glass-makers usually lived in wooded regions, and the surroundings of Bernard's early life were favorable to quiet meditation. Yet these early years were busy ones; the indomitable will shown in after life was already at work in the boy, making Nature give up her secrets to him. He was constantly inventing new patterns and designs. He learned to draw, and improved every moment of time until by and by he understood science and mathematics quite well and had passed from drawing to portrait-painting.

Bernard's eighteenth year found him saying good-by to parents and friends, and starting forth from his early home into the great busy world After seven years of travel, in which he worked at his glass-staining as occasion offered, he settled at Saintes, a town in northwestern France. Here he founded the home into which there was to come so much of suffering and so many struggles. It was happy at first with the loving wife and new-born babe, and the number of children increased; but by-and-by death entered and broke the little circle.

The restless spirit of the great Palissy at last found a vent for its intense energy in trying to discover the secret of making a glaze such as he had seen on an Italian cup of majolica ware. Such an enamel was unknown in France at the time, and he set about to produce it. His previous experiments and knowledge of mineral substances now especially served him. He might be seen at this time buying loads of pottery, breaking it up into small pieces, and putting different mixtures of minerals on each piece. He would then take them to the nearest glass-maker's furnace (until he built his own), and anxiously await the result to see if he had at last found the ingredient that would produce the desired enamel.

Sixteen long years were spent in thus trying, before success came. As soon as he could Palissy built a furnace of his own, and became so absorbed in his work that he forgot his duties as husband and father. Starvation stood at the door of the little home. The remonstrance of wife and friends against his course did no good. Finally the fence-palings, the barn, and a part of the floor of his house went to feed the furnace fire. Triumph came at last. The Palissy ware was the result. It was more curious than beautiful. The decoration consisted of animals and plants. Fame and fortune at last were his, and princes became his patrons and protectors.

The religious awakening of the sixteenth century found response in the heart of Palissy. The forces started by Luther and Calvin toward religious freedom and a higher life were already bearing fruit. Palissy became a Huguenot, and boldly declared the new doctrine. He was imprisoned at Bordeaux, in 1562; but by the intercession of Catherine de Medicis he was set free, and escaped death.

He then went to Paris to take charge of the decorations of the Royal Gardens of the Tuileries, being assisted by his sons Nicholas and Mathurin. He continued his work in science, gave lectures on natural history, and wrote books upon subjects pertaining thereto. In his great book, "The Sky and the Earth," Palissy had gone far beyond the printed books of his time, and had gathered many new thoughts and suggestions to give the world. He is said to be the first to have established a rational theory of crystallization.

At the age of seventy-eight, being no longer able to command the favor of princes, he was imprisoned for his religion in the Bastille, where he died in two years, aged eighty.

Palissy had enamelled his lump of clay; he had given dignity to labor; he had suffered for the truth; he had enriched the world with his thought, and, above all, had shown what it is to be a man.

O Palissy! within thy breast
Burned the hot fever of unrest;
Thine was the prophet's vision, thine
The exaltation, the divine
Insanity of noble minds,
That never falters nor abates,
But labors and endures and waits,
Till all that it foresees it finds,
Or, what it cannot find, creates!

Longfellow.

Our Letter-Box.

Such a boxful of letters as we have to-day for our readers! They must read them all. We were greatly pleased with Ruth Cronyn's little poem. Who would not like such a loving sister as she is, to play games with? Carrie Nash will see that we do have letters from other Sunday-schools than hers. We would suggest to our Hereford Ranch, Texas, correspondents that they write to Wallace Pratt; they will then see what nice letters they will get in return. We cannot tell, at this date, who sent answers to Master Pratt's enigma. Besides the correspondents below who guessed the Texas enigmas, Rebecca L. Hooper sent us the correct answers. We heartily commend Edith Esterbrook's method of passing on the Every Other Sunday. It is an excellent way to do with all good things.

Dear Editor, — I thought I would write a letter to you, as I see that some other girls and boys write to you. I like to make out the enigmas very much indeed; and every time I get your paper, I like to read the stories it never fails to have. Sometime I am going to send an enigma to you, with an answer. I hope you will print this letter, as it is the first I have ever written. Here is a little piece of poetry I wrote for you. It is the first I have ever written, and I hope you will print it also, if you have room, in your nice paper.

Your faithful reader,

Ruth R. Cronyn, age 12.

Greenfield, Mass.

MY SISTER.

I have a little bright-eyed sister,
Her age is only four,
And in a day she asks questions enough
To be measured by the score.

Her little feet from morn till night
Are never, never still;
And when she stops to go to bed,
It is against her will.

She likes to run and play and slide,
And tumble in the snow;
She likes to have a snow-ball fight, —
And we let her win, you know.

Dear Editor, — I like your paper very much indeed. I enjoyed the story, "The Red Danger-Signal" that stopped the express-train; it was a very interesting story. Do you have many letters written to you from the Sunday-schools? I am ten years old. The letters in the paper are very interesting. Last summer we went down on the lake shore to spend a few weeks. I had a splendid time. The little girls who lived there I was acquainted with, so we played together all the time.

Your earnest reader,

Carrie S. Nash.

Burlington, Vt.

Dear Editor, — Receiving to-day the paper dated May 13, after reading the stories I set to work to solve the enigmas. My finger is all well now, and does not look much different from what it did before, except that one side of it is kind of slanting; but on the whole it looks pretty well. I am in the eighth grade in the Williams School, and next year I shall be in the Principal's room, and then I shall go to the High School. We have pretty hard lessons, but I generally am pretty good in them. I wish that you would send me the name and address of the person who solved my enigma. But I will now give the answers as I got them to the enigmas from Texas. The Physiological Enigma is quite hard, but I got it all. . . . I should like to be in Texas now and have a pony, as I should enjoy it very much. I hope to hear from you soon, as I never had a letter from anybody but my dear grandfather.

I remain yours truly,

Wallace A. Pratt.

Chelsea, Mass., 18 West Third Street.

Mr. Editor, — I send the answers to the puzzles in No. XVIII. . . . I belong to the Unitarian Sunday-School here. I like to read the stories and get out the enigmas and puzzles very much. After I have read my paper, I send it to a little girl in Dakota. I have for pets a cat and three kittens, and a canary bird. I was eleven years old the 7th of May. I had for presents a knit bedspread, $3.00, four books, a drinking-cup, a gold-piece, a croquet set, some candy, and some perfume.

Edith M. Esterbrook.

Brattleboro, Vt.

Dear Editor, — I have just had the mumps, and advise the readers of Every Other Sunday to keep away from any one who has them in their family; they are not at all pleasant things, as I thought they would be. I have six brothers and sisters, and in summer we live in the country and have two ponies, — one is named "Dapple," and the other one is named "Frisky." Dapple is Frisky's mother; and next summer we are going to drive them together in a span. Won't that be fun?

Your most devoted reader,

Julia.

Dear Mr. Editor, — I have found the answers to the enigmas in No. XIX. . . . I have had much pleasure in finding the answers to these, and I think the Geographical Enigma has helped me. I must go to school now, so I remain

Yours truly,

Alice Colburn.

Dear Editor, — I send answers to the enigmas in No. XVIII. . . . I have a brother who is older than I and a sister who is younger. I like Every Other Sunday very much. I am in the Grammar School, and next fall shall be in the highest class. I liked the story "Little Fräulein" very much. I am twelve years old.

Your reader,

Donald B. Cragin.

Farmington, Me.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN Nos. XX., XXI.

Enigma XXXIX. A rolling stone gathers no moss.

Enigma XL. Be good and you will be happy.

Enigma XLI. The rays of happiness, like those of light, are colorless when unbroken.

Enigma XLII. Jesus wept.

Old Testament Enigma. A soft answer turneth away wrath, but grievous words stir up anger.

Enigma XLIII. Saul and David.

Enigma XLIV. Blessed are the peacemakers, for they shall be called the children of God.

Enigma XLV. "Old Curiosity Shop."

Enigma XLVI. Be not weary in well doing.

Enigma XLVII. Blessed are the peacemakers.

Enigma XLVIII. Glucose.

Enigma XLIX. Wine.

Enigma L. Swing.

Enigma LI. A soft answer turneth away wrath.

Enigma LII. Benjamin Franklin.

Enigma LIII. Abraham Lincoln.

Enigma LIV. Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God.

For Youngest Readers.

AN APPLE STORY.

BY MRS. MARY JOHNSON.

"I SAY, Minnie, let's roast some apples, just as Grandma told about last night."

"So we will," answered Minnie, pleased with the plan.

Fred and Minnie were spending a week with Grandma in the country. They played out-doors a good part of every day; but it was in the fall, when the mornings and evenings were cold, and in one room Grandma kept an open fire. In the evenings she sat beside the glowing grate, and told the children stories of "old times," — the huskings, apple-bees, and quiltings when she was a girl, and the quiet home-evenings when the neighbors would come in and sit round the fire, chatting and roasting apples and chestnuts.

This afternoon the old lady had taken her knitting and gone to spend an hour or two with a friend, and the children came in from play when it grew cold, and looked about for something to do.

Minnie went into the kitchen, and asked Katy to get some apples. She readily brought them, but when she knew what the children proposed to do, she said, —

"Don't you think you had better let me put the apples in the stove-oven? I've a grand fire, and they'll be done in time to get cold for tea."

"Oh, you see, Katy, *we* want to roast them; that's the fun of it — thank you all the same," answered Minnie; and Katy let them have their way.

Armed each with a long-handled fork, Fred and Minnie went into Grandma's room, and kneeling on the hearth tried to roast some nice large red apples. But the roasting process proved less a pleasure than they expected. The apples cooked slowly, and meantime the children grew very warm and uncomfortable. Their faces were burned, their limbs were cramped, while the apples fizzed and spluttered, and when one side was a little softened and browned, after a tedious waiting, the other was still hard. After turning the apples a few times, and still finding them only half-cooked, the children decided to eat them just as they were. They certainly were not as nice as either baked or raw apples.

When Grandma came home, she asked Fred and Minnie how they had amused themselves. They told her of their out-door play and then of their cooking experiment; and Fred added, —

"I wish we had let Katy bake the apples, so we could have them now for tea."

Katy was just bringing in the tea-tray. She looked a little roguish, as she placed the bread and butter, dried beef, and cheese on the table, with a pitcher of rich milk; but she said nothing. Presently she came in again, with the teapot in one hand, and in the other a large dish of baked apples just nicely browned. The children shouted, they were so pleased.

Katy had known better than they about roasting apples, and thought their cookery would be little likely to lessen the need of her own. They enjoyed the bread and milk and baked apples very much; and Fred said as he folded his napkin, —

"I declare, Minnie, it *is* worth while, when you're going to do anything, to find out the best way to do it; don't you think so?"

THE LAST LOAD.

Open Leaves from Nature's Book.

A PAPER HOUSE AND ITS INHABITANTS.

BY KATHARINE HAGAR.

I HAVE seen lately a pulp-mill where many men are busy all day long, converting wood into pulp for paper by the aid of machinery. While these men are at work, a certain family of industrious hornets near by, unheeded and unheeding, are as busy in a similar manufacture of pulp, forming from fibres of wood a paper-like substance. If the greedy hornet should annoy one of the workmen by an attempt to regale itself on his meat, fruit, sugar, or molasses, or by coming near him in its chase after a fly, he would beat the air furiously in his efforts to destroy the insect. In return, if he should venture too near the home which the hornet has made for itself he would find the insect as irritable over his intrusion, with the advantage of great quickness of movement, wings, and a most venomous sting.

Mankind, slowly improving generation after generation, has at last begun to think of making at least part of their dwelling-place of paper; the hornet we see to-day, guided by instinct, builds its nests just as the first hornet did, with no more comforts or conveniences, and in no way different. "It collects with its mandibles the loosened fibres of wood, and by mastication and mixing with a buccal fluid, makes it into pulp, easily moulded, and drying by exposure to the air."

There are about nine hundred species of hornets. The lower are solitary workers, making their nests of mud and sand in protected places, in chinks of walls and other convenient holes. Some tunnel into the ground or sand-banks; others choose a hole, generally a nest that a mouse has deserted, and brushing away the earth form a small, rounded chamber at some distance from the entrance, and this they line with layer after layer of paper, so that no injury can occur if the earthen chamber should collapse. Some excavate tunnels in wood; others place their nests in a hollow tree, and these are not as careful to make so many paper walls around their cells as the species who work underground.

In the museum at Oxford a hornet's nest nearly fills a glass case four feet in height by two in width. It resembles a turnip in shape, with the addition, however, of a large knob at the top. A curious naturalist aided the hornets in their work by giving them a daily allowance of a pound of sugar and a pint of beer. In the tropics the nests of a different species of hornets often attain an immense size. One kind in Ceylon reaches a length of six feet; and one in South America makes its nest of thick and firm paper resembling pasteboard, with the outer layer so fine in texture that it can be readily written on with ink. The natives clean out the cells of this nest, and use it as a basket, light, strong, and very firm. We ourselves use now pails and even barrels made of paper, which are, like the hornets' nests, light, strong, and very firm.

In the northern part of New England I have seen, suspended from a branch of a tree, a hornet's nest too large to be placed inside a half-bushel basket. The one that I found when I was taking a drive in the country last November, and which having been deserted by its inmates I brought home with me, is twenty-four inches in circumference. Its general aspect is gray; but on looking at it closely I find fine streaks of white, and also a darker gray or brown streaked and blotched, showing the amount of material brought by a single hornet at one time. There is a hole, not quite an inch in diameter, near the lower part, through which the busy workers passed in and out.

If we should open the hornet's nest, we should find a comb formed of hexagonal cells similar to those of a honey-comb, but with one very important difference. The material of which it is composed is paper instead of wax, and the whole is enclosed in a spherical case made of many thicknesses of paper. In each cell of the comb an egg is laid. When the larva was hatched, it was suspended head downward in the cell. The female and workers gave it constant attention, feeding it with the juices of fruit and animals, or with more solid food masticated by them before feeding it. After the adult has issued forth, the cell is cleaned out and used again; for the whole period from the laying of the egg to the emergence of the adult is only about a month.

"Busy as a bee" should be "busy as a hornet;" for hornets work moonlight nights as well as days.

While we were "camping" one summer, it was almost impossible to eat an apple without great annoyance from the hornets. Maple syrup was a delicacy that especially attracted them. They were not furious if we let them have our sweets and fruit without contention. One gentleman insisted that hornets were harmless if undisturbed. He repeated again and again that they would not sting us if we did not try to drive them away. One day he was especially eloquent, for a friend was at breakfast with us who had not yet learned that our hornets were "tame," and that the only way to deal with them was to be passive and indifferent to them.

Mr. G—— finished his defence of these insects by saying, "The hornet has too much to do to spend its time in stinging people, and unless it is attacked it is peaceable enough." Then he placed a piece of a griddle-cake well covered with syrup in his mouth, not observing that as he lifted it from his plate a greedy hornet had taken a fancy to that especial drop of syrup. A sting inside his lip was the result of his inattention. However, his faith in his theory (if not in that particular hornet) was only strengthened by the attack and its result. He still insisted that if he had waited until the poor hornet had taken its share, it would not have stung him. And who could blame the insect for resenting Mr. G——'s attempt to swallow it?

MIRIAM'S YEAR.

BY MRS. ANNIE B. C. KEENE.

ON Thanksgiving morning, Miriam's Aunt Martha, the minister's wife, took down her "Education Box" from the mantel, opened it, and poured into her lap the bits of silver and the one precious gold-piece which had been dropped into it by the family and other kind friends during the past year.

The eagerness of the four girls who crowded about her broke out into "Ohs!" and "Ahs!" and "Splendid!" as the little piles were counted. The minister's wife cried and laughed both at once when she tried to say, —

"Girls, can it be possible? Twenty-four dollars and fifteen cents! Miriam can go to the Seminary a whole year!"

"Good, good, for dear Miriam!" rang out so loudly that it brought the minister from his study to see what had happened. As soon as he comprehended the great news, he cried out, —

"Good, good, for our Miriam! She deserves it every bit. Let us take up a contribution on the spot, and make it an even twenty-five dollars!"

The money was changed into three crisp new bills, laid in a pretty crimson purse, and sent "over the river" to Miriam's house that very night.

At the close of the Christmas holidays a shining new trunk stood on the hearth of the spare chamber, waiting to carry off Miriam's simple garments, which her mother was carefully folding. They were very plain garments, and not of the latest fashion. Mother dropped a little sigh as she smoothed the "very best gown," and could not help wishing, for her girlie's sake, that it might have been the warm crimson cashmere the child had set her heart upon. But as usual with this brave mother, the sigh was changing into a low singing when merry-hearted sister Mollie dashed into the room, swinging a letter over her curly head, —

"Dakota, — Dave, — fat letter too!"

And so it proved. The letter was full of brother Dave's heartiness, ending with a "benediction" on Miriam's year, which was made more blessed by the piece of crisp stamped paper tucked into one corner.

Next morning, in the bright winter sunshine, Miriam said good-by as she climbed into the old-fashioned yellow stage and went across the river to the Parsonage, where the four girl-cousins fell on her neck, kissed her, and carried her off in triumph to the little east bedroom, which was to be her nest. What a lovely sight to Miriam's eyes were the thirty young girls just settling themselves at their desks, as she entered Seminary Hall next morning! How sweet it was in some of them to smile on her, even before they knew her name! And when at recess handsome Sybil Golding with Hepsy Bird the "missionary" girl from India, came to her desk, kissed her and led her to the playground, Miriam began to wonder if the great world, which frightened her even to think of in the little kitchen at home, was a real fairyland after all!

In a week's time Miriam was fairly launched upon her "year." Making the beds in the early morning, "doing dishes" with her merry cousins, the long walks together down the avenue of maples to school, the delightful lessons, and above all her music filled the days full; "they fly swift as the birds overhead," she wrote little Mollie.

Indeed, Miriam's music began to be a thing talked of even by girls who had at first looked rather coldly on her, or on her clothes, perhaps I should say. "Did you ever!" "More relics from the ark!" "Grandmother herself come to school!" and like expressions tossed off from thoughtless tongues, had not escaped Miriam's sharp ears. She had a sensitive spot in her heart, — what girl of sixteen has not? — but she had also a good share of common-sense; and a sentence which Miss Edwards (the principal) dropped in one of her morning talks, did much to help her to possess her soul in patience: "It is not what a young woman puts on the *outside*, but what she puts *inside*, into her mind and heart, that will one day make her lovely or unlovely." Pondering upon this thought, Miriam bent herself to more faithful work, hoping thus to forget the taunting words.

Her mother had been a skilful pianist in her

youth, and her careful instruction had so developed Miriam's native talent, that after a few months of systematic practice she really surprised herself by the ease with which she played her part at the weekly "musicals." Her "body guard," as Sybil and Hepsy dubbed themselves, were sure to start a modest little clapping as soon as she, flushed and frightened, rose from the piano to seek her corner. Loyal admiration is contagious among school-girls; and it fell out that the girls who at first had eyes only for "poor Miriam's gowns" found their ears gladly listening to her music.

Now, Sybil's father was quite a noted musician in the city where he lived, and in her weekly home-goings she had described the new pupil. "She lives at the minister's little mite of a house, and is real poor, I guess; but Papa, dear, you *ought* to hear her play!"

Presently even the famous musician began to talk of Miriam's music, and now and then sent her a choice study; and at Christmas time it came to pass that a dainty, gilt-edged note brought her a surprise, which went almost beyond the red purse of money; for it was nothing less than an invitation to spend a week in Sybil's lovely home. Miriam's cup did run over, when on the appointed day she found little Hepsy, the missionary, bound for the same paradise!

The good "Parsoness," who had been let into the secret betimes, made a sly journey to the city, taking with her Dave's "benediction," and in some miraculous way produced a beautiful crimson cashmere dress, in which Miriam looked "most like a beauty," so the cousins declared. Mother sent over some soft old lace, and sister Mollie sent a dainty mull handkerchief of her own handiwork. So Miriam went off to find another "fairy-place," of which she began to believe the world was "brimful." So it is, dear ones, for those who know how to find them!

What a week it was and ever will be in Miriam's memory! There were Mr. and Mrs. Golding, and Hepsy's father just home from India, full of stories of his work in that grand old land; there was music of all kinds; lovely people coming and going; and feasts fit for the queen!

"The visit was one long, splendid dream, from which I woke up just in time to come home,"— all this and more Miriam whispered to the merry quartette cuddled down on the sofa "to hear all about it." But the dream and the dreamer were realities in the Golding home; and while she was buckling down to work again, some pleasant plotting was going on elsewhere, to save Miriam's music from ending quite yet!

The last week of her year came; every girl's mind was full of examinations, receptions, thoughts of good-by, and the "long vacation,"—*so* long, alas! for Miriam that many a tear had dropped down on her old Virgil in the privacy of her east bedroom.

During the closing exercises of the last day Mr. Golding appeared among the visitors, and after a long talk with his old school-friend, Miss Edwards, Miriam was called into the office and asked, almost mischievously, if she would feel very, *very* sorry to return to the Seminary another year, paying her own expenses by teaching the younger pupils in music!

"Oh, mother dear," she whispered that night, throwing herself down in her old place by mother's couch, and hugging the crimson purse tightly in her hands, "fairy fingers truly must have knit this purse and filled it, else with all dear Auntie's kindness it could *not* have done so many beautiful things."

"The good hand of our God filled it, my child, and fills these dear hearts with something better than gold. To Him be all the glory!"

GOVERNOR AMES'S SPEECH.

[We give below the short speech made by his Excellency Governor Ames at the Mass Meeting in Tremont Temple on Memorial Day.]

The children were much interested in hearing the governor, who spoke to them as follows:—

My dear Children, Ladies, and Gentlemen,— I think that you can see by my manner that I am glad to be here to-day. But in order that there may be no mistake about it, I will assure you that I seldom attend a meeting at which I am better pleased than I am with this; for I meet here so many children, and I am fond of children. I have not forgotten the days when I was a child, nor have all the feelings of childhood departed from me. I hope the day may be far distant when I shall cease to be interested in all that concerns those who are entering upon life. I never meet a child and am never present at an assemblage of children that I do not think of the possibilities of childhood. No one can tell what a child may do. Circumstances control us all to a very large degree; but in spite of circumstances, we can rise to action that is heroic and that may make us famous to all time. There is a good deal of truth in the homely saying that no one knows what he can do until he tries.

I read recently an interesting story of the funeral service over the body of a man who was a hundred years old at the time of his death. The minister who was to preach his funeral sermon thought he had the great opportunity of his life; but, when he came to make inquiries, he could not find that the old man had ever done anything remarkable. Like most clergymen, he was a man of resource, so over the body he delivered an oration, in which he alluded to all the improvements which had been made in material progress during the century that had just come to an end. Afterward, some one reminded him that he had said nothing about the deceased. He replied that he had said nothing untrue of him, then; and that was the fact, for he had said nothing about him. The moral of this tale is, I think, that length of life is in itself of but little value. One may live a hundred years and do nothing that is of any real worth to the world. Its warning is that we should make the most of our opportunities. Among you, children, must be some of those upon whom will fall some of the greater responsibilities of life. Do you so improve the advantages that you enjoy that you will be not only able to care for yourselves, and to be useful in the ordinary way to others, but that you may be ready to meet any emergency.

The trivial round, the common task,
Will furnish all we ought to ask,—
Room to deny ourselves, a road
To bring us daily nearer God.

Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust him for his grace:
Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face.

A man may o'ertake
God's own speed in the one way of love.

Man's work is to labor and leaven—
As best he may—earth here with heaven.

BOOKS FOR SUNDAY-SCHOOL LIBRARIES.

In No. X. of this volume of Every Other Sunday we gave a partial list of the books recommended in 1888 by the Ladies' Commission. In this number of our paper we give the additional titles. Let our readers call the attention of their Sunday-school librarians to the paper. The pamphlet catalogue issued by the Commission will be sent to any address on application to the Unitarian Sunday-School Society, Boston, Mass. The Commission examined this year two hundred and forty books, of which fifty-nine, or about one fourth, are recommended by them. Except where the price is called *net*, it is in every case the publishers' price, from which purchasers can obtain a reduction.

Books for the Youngest Pupils.

Dilly and the Captain. Margaret Sidney. Boston: D. Lothrop & Co. pp. 228. $1.00.
Some grotesque adventures of two small children and their companions.

Dolls' Christmas Party, The, and Other Stories. Illustrated. Boston: Estes & Lauriat. 1887. pp. 48. 50 cts.
Short stories and good pictures.

Little Miss Peggy. Only a Nursery Story. Mrs. Molesworth. New York: Macmillan & Co. pp. 195. $1.25.
Story of an affectionate and imaginative little English girl, five years old.

Ned's Elevator Ride, and Other Stories. Illustrated. Boston: Estes & Lauriat. 1887. pp. 48. 50 cts.
Short stories and good pictures.

Polly Pickle, and Other Stories. Illustrated. Boston: Estes & Lauriat. 1887. pp. 48. 50 cts.
Short stories and good pictures.

Books for Intermediate Pupils.

Boyhood of Living Authors, The. Wm. H. Rideing. New York: T. Y. Crowell & Co. pp. 212. $1.00 *net*.
Short sketches of eighteen American and English authors.

Boys of Cary Farm. Minna Caroline Smith. Boston: D. Lothrop & Co. pp. 313. $1 25.
Pleasant home life of five boys in Iowa, with a visit to Chicago.

Boys of 1812, and Other Naval Heroes. James Russell Soley. Boston: Estes & Lauriat. pp. 338. $3.00.

Cuore. An Italian Schoolboy's Journal. A Book for Boys. Edmondo de Amicis. Trans. from 39th edition by Isabel F. Hapgood. New York: T. Y. Crowell & Co. pp. 326. $1.25.
A picture of Italian boy life, temperament, and character, introducing many bits of Italian history and biography.

Dethroned. A Story for Girls. Mrs. Seymour. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co 1887. pp. 350. $1.25.
An English home story of a girl who, planning always to be first, learns by many experiences to take a secondary place cheerfully and helpfully.

Drumbeat of the Nation, The. First Period of the War of the Rebellion from its Outbreak to the Close of 1862. Charles Carleton Coffin. New York: Harper & Bros. 1888. pp. 478. $3.00
We note two errors: p. 5, — "Three slaves equal to two white men" should be "five equal to three;" p. 275, — "We 're coming, Father Abraham" was not written by W. C. Bryant, but by Mr. James Gibbons, an associate editor of the "Evening Post." These will be corrected in the next edition.

Equator to the Pole, From the. Adventures of Recent Discovery, by Eminent Travellers. New York: T. Whittaker. 1888. pp. 254. 65 cts. *net*.
In the Heart of Africa, Joseph Thomson. Climbing the Himalayas, W. W. Graham. On the Road to the Pole, Capt. A. H. Markham, R.N.

FLAMINGO FEATHER, THE. Kirk Munroe. New York: Harper & Bros. 1887. pp. 255. $1.00.
Adventures of a young French boy among the Indians of Florida in the sixteenth century.

FLOWER PEOPLE, THE. Mrs. Horace Mann. Boston: Lee & Shepard. New edition. 1888. Boards, 30 cts. *net;* cloth, 50 cts. *net.*

GARLAND FOR GIRLS, A. Louisa M. Alcott. Boston: Roberts Bros. 1888. pp. 258. $1.25.
Seven stories for girls, each with a moral lesson.

GREAT GRANDMOTHER'S GIRLS IN NEW FRANCE. The History of little Eunice Williams. Lizzie W. Champney. Boston: Estes & Lauriat. pp. 246. $2.50.
The story of an imaginary companion of Eunice Williams, giving an account of the Deerfield Massacre (1704), and the subsequent lives of some of the prisoners carried into Canada.

JACK'S YEAR OF TRIAL. Annie S. Swan. New York: T. Nelson & Sons. 1887. pp. 149. 80 cts.
Jack is a boy of twelve who is forced to live for a year with disagreeable relatives, and is cheerful and manly.

JOHNNIE'S VENTURE. A Story of an Exciting Journey. G. E. W. New York: T. Nelson & Sons. 1887. pp. 128. 50 cts.
The runaway journey of two English boys of eight, in search of a publisher!

LAKE VIEW SERIES. Anna F. Burnham. Boston: Cong. Pub. Society. 6 vols. $2.25 per set.
A set of small books.

The Dorcas Club.	Spare Hand.
Japanese Basket.	Trying Again.
Poppy's Postman.	The Year One.

LITTLE STEP-DAUGHTER, A. Author of "Mlle. Mori." New York: T. Whittaker. pp. 265. $1.05 *net.*
A story of France in the early part of the eighteenth century, in and near the Camargne.

LIVINGSTONE, DAVID: The Story of his Life and Travels. New York: T. Nelson & Sons. 1888. pp. 118. 50 cts.

LULU'S LIBRARY. Vol. II. Louisa M. Alcott. Boston: Roberts Bros. 1887. pp. 275. $1.00.
Reprint of "Flower Fables," with some additions.

MOUNTAINEER SERIES, THE. 5 vols. Willis Boyd Allen. Boston: Cong. Pub. Society. 1887. $2.00 per set.
Small volumes, each a chapter in the life of a family who live for a year in a log hut on the side of a mountain.

Mountaineers.	Danger Signal.
Mountaineers at School.	Lost on the Mountain.
	Winnie's Black Dog.

ONLY A CAT; or, The Autobiography of Tom Blackman. Mrs. H. B. Paull. New York: T. Whittaker. pp. 287. $1.25.

ONLY A YEAR, AND WHAT IT BROUGHT. Jane Andrews. Boston: Lee & Shepard. 1888. pp. 233. $1.00.
The home life of two sisters, twelve and fourteen, and the growth of their characters through one year's steady effort.

PALACE IN THE GARDEN, THE. Mrs. Molesworth. New York: T. Whittaker & Co. pp. 298. $1.50.
The adventures of three imaginative children who find their way into an unoccupied house at the end of their grandfather's garden. English.

PEACE-EGG, THE, and Christmas Mumming Play. Juliana Horatia Ewing. S. P. C. K. New York: E. & J. B. Young & Co. pp. 58. 30 cts. *net.*
The Christmas play of some English children, by means of which their unknown grandfather was reconciled to his daughter, their mother, who had married against his wishes.

PRENTICE, HUGH. Frances Mary Peard. New York: T. Whittaker. pp. 297. $1.05 *net.*
Historical fiction of England at the end of the thirteenth century. The boy hero, to please his father, and by much self-denial, becomes a skilful stone-carver, working on Exeter Cathedral.

ROSES OF RINGWOOD, THE. A Story for Children. Emma Marshall. New York: Robert Carter & Bros. pp. 352. $1.50.
The home life of English twins, and the circus life of a poor girl in whom they are interested. Non-Unitarian, p. 57.

ROYAL SERVICE, THE; or, The King's Seal. Kate W. Hamilton. Boston: Cong. Pub. Society. pp. 192. $1.00.
How some children learned to do their every-day duties thoroughly and cheerfully, because they were in the "Royal Service" and ought to put the King's Seal on their work. Prayer to Jesus, p. 141.

SARA CREWE; or, What Happened at Miss Minchin's. Frances Hodgson Burnett. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1888. pp. 83. $1.00.
The story of an honorable, imaginative child left in the care of an incredibly mean school-teacher, and coming to her rights under circumstances which suggest a fairy story.

SPANISH ARMADA, The Story of the. New York: T. Nelson & Sons. 1887. pp. 160. 60 cts.

STORY OF KEEDON BLUFFS, THE. Charles Egbert Craddock. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin, & Co. 1888. pp. 257. $1.00.
Story of boy life in the mountain region of Tennessee.

STORY OF THE GOLDEN AGE, A. James Baldwin. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1887. pp. 277. $1.60 *net.*
A preparation for enjoyable reading of Homer. It contains many Greek stories and myths, and the causes of the Trojan War, and has Odysseus for its hero.

TOTO'S MERRY WINTER. Laura E. Richards. Boston: Roberts Bros. 1887. pp. 296. $1.00.
A continuation of "The Joyous Story of Toto," a fairy story introducing animals.

UNCLE IVAN; or, Recollections of Fifty Years Back. M. O. Bramston. New York: T. Whittaker. pp. 219. 75 cts. *net.*
A story of two young English children who have a Russian uncle, a connection which leads to complications and dangers which call out the courage, self-control, and good sense of the children.

WASHINGTON, LIFE OF GEORGE, STUDIED ANEW. Edward Everett Hale. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1888. pp. 381. $2.00.
Intended to give an impression of Washington as an individual rather than a history of the time.

WHITE COCKADES: An Incident of the "Forty-Five." Edward T. Stevenson. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1887. pp. 216. 80 cts. *net.*

Books for Readers over Fourteen.

CHILD OF THE REVOLUTION, A. Author of "Mlle. Mori." New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. pp. 336. $1.50.
The life of a young girl of noble family, born during the stormiest period of the French Revolution, and brought up as their own child by Republicans of the middle class until the return of the old aristocracy.

COUNT OF THE SAXON SHORE. Rev. A. J. Church, M.A. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1887. pp. 311. $1.50.
"A tale of the departure of the Romans from Britain" early in the fifth century.

EQUAL TO THE OCCASION. Edward Garrett. New York: Dodd, Mead, & Co. pp. 282. $1.00.
An English girl, thrown on her own resources, makes her own way modestly and courageously.

ESTHER. A Book for Girls. Rosa Nouchette Carey. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. pp. 255. $1.25.
An English story, enforcing the importance of putting family claims and duties first.

FIDDLER OF LUGAU, THE. Author of "Mlle. Mori." New York: T. Whittaker. pp. 360. $1.50.
The Fiddler is an unappreciated musician in a small German town, in the time of Napoleon's wars. The story includes a brave boy and an unselfish girl, and their adventures until they marry each other.

FOR THE TEMPLE. A Tale of the Fall of Jerusalem. G. A. Henty. New York: Scribner & Welford. pp. 384. $1.60 *net.*
The story is based on the narrative of Josephus, made vivid by the introduction of a fictitious hero as a leader of the Galilean peasantry in their fight for their country and nation.

JUDEA AND HER RULERS, from Nebuchadnezzar to Vespasian. M. Bramston. S. P. C. K. New York: E. & J. B. Young & Co. pp. 444. $1.05 *net.*
Recommended for teachers and older pupils as covering a period seldom so well treated within such limits. Written by a member of the Church of England.

LIFE AMONG THE GERMANS. Emma Louise Parry. Boston: D. Lothrop & Co. pp. 340. $1.50.
Account of an American student's life in Germany, and the social, religious, and home life of the German people.

LOLLARD, THE. A Story of the Wiclifites. Minnie K. Davis. Philadelphia: Lutheran Pub. Soc. 1887. pp. 366. 80 cts. *net.*

STORY OF JOHN MARBECK, THE, a Windsor Organist of Three Hundred Years Ago. Emma Marshall. New York: Robert Carter & Bros. pp. 145. $1.00.
Historical fiction. Time of Henry VIII. Persecution for reading the Bible in the English version.

UNDER THE STORM; or, Steadfast's Charge. Charlotte M. Yonge. New York: T. Whittaker. 1887. pp. 287. $1.50.
A story of the life and trials of English country folk in Cromwell's time. For its "church" doctrine, see pp. 167–170.

VOLUME FOUR OF EVERY OTHER SUNDAY.

THE first number of the fourth volume of our paper will bear date of September 16.

The volume will contain twenty-two numbers. It will be the Editor's aim to maintain the present high standard of the paper, and if possible to advance to greater excellence.

The pictures in the next volume will be of an exceptionally high order, — beautiful as engravings, and at the same time interesting and instructive. The growing interest in the Letter-Box warrants the Editor in holding out the promise of even greater variety in the enigmas, puzzles, and letters from our younger readers.

IN No. 1 of Vol. IV. we shall report some of the good things that were said and the capital stories that were told at the Memorial Day meeting in Tremont Temple.

Will not *all* our readers try to aid us in increasing our number of subscribers?

BOUND VOLUMES OF "EVERY OTHER SUNDAY."

WE have still on hand a few bound copies of Vols. I. and II. Vol. III., handsomely bound in cloth, will soon be ready. The price of any one of these volumes is 75 cents. Sent, post-free, on receipt of price.

EVERY OTHER SUNDAY.

The uniform subscription price of EVERY OTHER SUNDAY is *forty cents* a year; but subscribers residing in the Boston postal district must send twenty cents additional for postage. All members of Sunday-schools who subscribe for the paper, will receive their copies in the package sent to their schools.

PUBLISHED BY THE

UNITARIAN SUNDAY-SCHOOL SOCIETY,

25 BEACON STREET, BOSTON, MASS.

University Press: John Wilson & Son, Cambridge.